One Night Only

By

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In the unfashionable end of what remained of the United Civilizations of the Multiverse there lay a small unregarded universe that had only recently been inducted into the decaying trading bloc. It was a universe not so unlike our own. The only differences being that the DC films were well written critically acclaimed and well loved, and Steven Moffat had moved on to Sherlock while Toby Whithouse had taken over, leading the show to newer and better heights, Idris Elba is the current Doctor.

In this universe there was a club in the outskirts of London. A group of university students were celebrating that they had just handed in their dissertations and after the summer they would be graduating. This only being early 2017 they attracted a lot of attention. The boys chugged alcohol and the girls flirted playfully while sipping alcopops.

Noone noticed the tall flame haired woman watching them from her position at a table. This was partly because she had taken care to draw the attention of one of the hunkier frat boys and was busily flirting with him overtly while she watched for her moment to strike.

There must have been seven or more girls celebrating in the club that night but the predator had her eyes on one girl in particular. She was taller than most of her friends, had long golden locks down to her elbows, ice blue eyes, a cute button nose, a noticeable thigh gap and a laugh so sweet it had a similar effect to a cat's purr.

The flame haired woman didn't bother taking notice of her target's clothes. She didn't plan for her prey to be wearing them long enough for it to matter.

The oaf opposite her asked. "So what's your opinion on blowjob's?"

The flame haired woman smiled mischievously as she assured him. "There is little I like more than a man's cock between my lips."

The oaf laughed then frowned and crossed his arms. He leaned in and whispered. "Just how many men have you had sex with?"

"None. I'm a virgin." said the flame haired woman flatly then she sighed and reached for her purse. "Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be insensitive. My car's parked just out back. You're more than welcome to get in. I shouldn't be too long."

The oaf blushed and looked away coyly then smiled sheepishly. "I would like that. Thank you."

"Let me get you one for the road." said the flame haired woman.

"Cheers." said the oaf.

The flame haired woman left the table and headed for the bar. What a coincidence that her prey should also have just arrived at the bar. She smiled at her.

The golden girl smiled back. She whispered. “Do I know you from somewhere?”

The flame haired woman chuckled and shook her head. “No. Sorry. I just think you’re really cute and I’d like to introduce myself if I may?”

The golden girl blushed and looked away.

“Look if I’m being improper or making you uncomfortable...” said the flame haired woman. She gestured that she could go.

The golden girl shook her head. She was smiling from ear to ear. “I’d love to get to know you. Just a bit taken aback.”

“I quite understand.” said the flame haired woman before broke off to make her order.

“It’s just you’re really very beautiful and I did not expect - ” began the golden girl.

“Sorry?” said the flame haired woman as she looked back to the golden girl as she received the drink for the boy.

“Nothing.” said the golden girl, her cheeks red from embarrassment.

“Don’t you want to order?” asked the flame haired woman, blank faced.

“What?” asked the golden girl flatly then she noticed the bar maid and hurriedly made her order.

“I’ll be in the smoking garden if you want to talk.” said the flame haired woman as she passed by the golden girl.

The golden girl smiled and blushed.

The flame haired woman returned to the oaf but as she walked she dropped something into his drink.

The oaf accepted the drink, took a sip then grimaced. “This tastes funny.”

“I convinced the bar maid to slip a little extra juice into it.” said the flame haired woman warmly. “Give it a bit of extra kick as it’s your last.”

“Oh awesome!” said the oaf as he took a larger sip greedily then grinned.

“So you’ll head to my car?” asked the flame haired woman.

“Absolutely.” said the oaf, a big grin on his face.

“And you’ll remember to get in the back?” asked the flame haired woman. “We don’t want you driving do we?”

“No worries.” said the oaf.

“Good.” said the flame haired woman as she leaned in to kiss him on the cheek before she left.

“Ah...” said the oaf to himself as she left. “Alcy breath...”

The flame haired woman strode purposefully towards the doors of the smoking garden, barreled through them then found a quiet corner and started to count.

At 30 seconds exactly the golden girl entered the garden.

The flame haired woman did her best to look like an awkward person playing cool.

“Hi.” said the golden girl.

“Hi.” said the flame haired woman.

“Well, you wanted to talk?” asked the golden girl.

The flame haired woman smiled. “I’m Amelia Hurst but you can call me Amy.”

“Hurst eh? Like the guy who put sharks in formaldehyde?” asked the golden girl jokingly.

“Something like it, yeah...” said Amy tactfully before turning the attention back on her prey. “And you are?”

“Oh. Yeah. I’m Sammy - Samantha. I’m Samantha Edgeworth but you can call my Sammy.” She cringed and looked away out of embarrassment. “I’m sorry. I’ve just never been with a woman before. I mean I wanted to, it’s partly why I came to university, experiment you know? Unfortunately boys stick to me like flies.”

“Well, Sammy, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” said Amy as she reached out a hand.

Sammy shook it gladly. “Pleasure to meet you too, Amy.”

Amy chuckled, bit her lip then looked around nervously.

“What is it?” asked Sammy.

“Look, I didn’t ask you out here to have a one night stand.” said Amy.

“Oh, no, no, no...” said Sammy hurriedly. “Don’t get me wrong you’re not - I’m not experimenting on you and we absolutely can have a relationship. I mean I’ve just finished university, anything is possible.”

Amy chuckled. “Relax. We can fuck if you want and you would be a pleasure to get to know on that level.”

“Oh...” said Sammy with a smile as she let out a sigh of relief.

“I just meant that you’re nice and so because you’re nice I want to be fair to you.” said Amy. “You see

I’m a bit of a man eater and it it is so rare to see such a perfect example of male desire. I had to ask, had to try my luck.”

“I’m not sure what you’re asking me?” said Sammy. “Is it to be bait for a threesome? Because I could roll with that.”

Amy chuckled then said. “Look I’m just going to have to be blunt. I want to have you for breakfast.”

“Pardon?” asked Sammy.

“Have you paid attention to the news at all? Britain joined the United Civilizations.” said Amy.

“Well yeah, after Brexit we had no choice, right?” said Sammy. “But what does this have to do with breakfast?”

Amy shrugged. “New regulations. New technology. I can, and would like to, legally own you, inject you with a mixture of concoctions that will grant me power over your ability to think, make you nigh invulnerable, cloneable through an exploitation of regenerative abilities and shrink you.”

“Oh...” said Sammy as the reality set in. “That’s a hell of a thing to ask a girl on a first date.”

Amy chuckled then shrugged. “Well I didn’t want to lead you on or manipulate you. I mean once you sign the forms the idea of you having any consent at all kind of flies out the window but I’m trying here.”

“Well that’s umm... Courteous? I suppose?” said Sammy awkward.

Amy frowned then held her hands up in the air and said. “You’re safe. This is a public place, you’ve got friends nearby and neither of us will be here tomorrow.”

Sammy bit her lip then looked at Amy pointedly. “You arranged this, didn’t you? Maybe not for me specifically but you picked a student bar the night dissertations are due, didn’t you? Arranged cover so no one would notice you staking out your target then carefully choreographed the meetings so your target would feel safe enough to approach?”

Amy smirked. “Oh, you’re good.”

“Nah. You are.” said Sammy with a smirk herself. “So what happens at breakfast then?”

“I take you out of your cage, fry you up with a little garlic butter then eat you alive.” said Amy casually. “So what do you reckon?”

Sammy snorted. “Must have a big oven.”

“Oh I do.” said Amy. “But I won’t be needing it for you. You’ll fit in my frying pan easily.”

“How?” asked Sammy, more intrigued than anything.

Amy reached into her pocket and pulled out a small pink pill. “You’ll shrink. From feet to inches.”

Sammy stared at the pill, took a few deep breaths then looked into Amy's eyes. "I think I'm feeling what they refer to as the call of the void."

Amy frowned. "The sad thing is I may be your best hope of a good life."

Sammy stared at Amy.

Amy shrugged. "You're about to graduate and that means you're about to realize just how worthless your degree really is because automation is getting rid of a lot of jobs and deskilling what can't yet be automated away. Capitalism is dying and even the United Civilisations is held together more by force of personality than anything else. Our countries are in massive amounts of debt and there aren't the workers to support the old. And that's without factoring in the inevitable crashing waves of immigration from poor countries and the destruction caused by climate change."

"Shit..." said Sammy as she looked suddenly at her feet, as if to check she hadn't suddenly fallen into hell.

"I can take you away from all of that." said Amy. "I'll give you a nice cage and long hot baths. Thanks to the new wave of smart watches I can even offer you a tablet pc to scale with your new stature."

"And you'd eat me?" asked Sammy.

Amy puffed out her cheeks and shrugged.

"What if I don't like it?" asked Sammy. "What if it's not for me?"

Amy frowned, took a good long look at Sammy then sighed. "Alright. We can talk about it. You are very cute and I suppose you'd make a good enough pet but I am having you for breakfast tomorrow. After that I suppose I could let you opt out of certain recipes after we've tried you in them."

Sammy smirked. "You know it's crazy but I almost believe you."

Amy tried to reach out to Sammy then stopped herself. "May I touch you?"

"So long as it's not kill me or knock me unconscious." said Sammy with half a smile.

Amy reached out and ran a hand through Sammy's hair.

Sammy shivered.

"Sorry..." said Amy, pulling her hand away.

"I didn't say stop." said Sammy with a smile. "Keep going."

Amy gave a small smile then ran a hand through Sammy's hair. "Honestly I don't blame you for not trusting me. You're a clever girl and clever girls do not hand themselves over to strangers promising to shrink them and eat them alive. Most people lie after all so if that's what I'm admitting to..."

“I’m really not that smart.” said Sammy with a frown.

“Oh don’t be so hard on yourself.” said Amy. “Degrees are not given out like candy. You are among one of the smartest generations humanity has yet to see.”

“No...” said Sammy. “I’m fairly certain I’m a thicko because I think I want to say yes to this.”

“Oh...” said Amy, stunned. “I... umm...”

Sammy giggled. “Oh come on. You knew I’d say yes the moment you spotted me. You’re good at this.”

“I -” Amy sighed. “I genuinely thought for a moment there that you were saying goodbye.”

“I am.” said Sammy, looking with love and pride at Amy. “To the world.”

Amy swallowed nervously. It was the piercing gaze of those eyes that did it. They seemed to bore right into Amy’s soul.

“Hold me.” said Sammy.

Amy embraced Sammy without hesitation, enveloping the girl in her arms. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I’ve never cared about my prey before.”

Sammy blushed and buried her head into Amy’s shoulder then she whispered. “I think I’d like that fuck before you shrink me if that’s okay?”

Amy bit her lip to stop from laughing then managed to say with as much seriousness as she could muster. “I think I can work with that.”

“Then lead on Macduff...” said Sammy.

“It’s lay on...” muttered Amy instinctively as she started leading Sammy by the hand.

“Well I told you I wasn’t smart...” said Sammy playfully as she walked with her new mistress.

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Amy led Sammy to her car and said. “It’s unlocked.”

Sammy climbed in the passenger seat and buckled in while Amy flung open a door to the back and started scrabbling about the back seat, patting down a set of clothes that lay across there. Amy opened the driver’s side door a moment later, carrying the squirming, naked, shrunken form of the frat boy she’d doped earlier.

“What’s that?” asked Sammy with nervous interest.

“Post-coital snack.” said Amy as she opened the glove compartment to reveal a specially made cage.

“Oh...” said Sammy. “And what do I eat?”

Amy bunged the shrunken man into the cage, locked the cage then closed the glove compartment. “Well I did promise him a blow job.”

Sammy giggled.

Amy buckled herself in then drove off.

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Sammy lay panting beneath silk sheets and stared up at a mural of the sea that had been painted on the ceiling.

Amy returned a moment later with deep fried fratboy held between tissue paper over a plate. “Don’t worry, I saved you his penis.” She said as she bit off his head and crunched it gleefully.

Sammy snorted then rolled over to look up at her new mistress. “That was - There are no words for how good that was...”

Amy grinned as she crunched on her food.

“So will you fry me?” asked Sammy with interest.

“Only after I’ve made a back up.” said Amy between mouthfuls. “Frying isn’t something a weresylph can survive. I mean I could keep you in toy mode if you wanted to experience what it was like to be fried but to actually be edible the process would kill you.”

Sammy nodded, taking the information in, then asked. “Back up?”

“Like taking a cutting from a plant.” said Amy. “If you take the pink pill you’ll have three hearts but only need one to survive even the most catastrophic of injuries. So I cut out one or two hearts and give you time to recover.”

“Huh...” said Sammy. “And the paperwork?”

“Already handled.” said Amy, then she licked her fingers clean and set aside the plate. “So what do you reckon? Do I tear up the contract, give you the best night of your life then call you a cab tomorrow? Or will you take the pink pill, live a life less ordinary, and have a fantastic night?”

Sammy giggled. “You had me at ‘No. Sorry.’”

Amy burst out laughing.

Sammy frowned. “That sounded better in my head. The point is yes. Absolutely, enthusiastically, eagerly, excitedly, a million times, yes. Give me the pink pill, own my life and take me for your own.”

Amy clenched her heart and moaned with the overload of cuteness. “Aww...”

Sammy blushed and giggled.

Amy leaned forward and kissed Sammy on the forehead. “I promise I’ll be a good owner.”

Sammy grinned, her cheeks somehow becoming redder. “And I promise to be a good ingredient and pet.”

Amy grinned. “I know you will be.”

Amy rose from the bed and returned a moment later with the pink pill and a glass of water.

Sammy sat up in the large double bed, for a moment concerned about the sheets covering her breasts, then she giggled and ignored the sheets.

Amy licked her lips. “I don’t suppose you have any twin sisters?”

Sammy giggled. “No, but if you wanted to take a cutting for personal purposes...”

Amy grinned. “I don’t deserve you.”

“You really don’t.” said Sammy as she reached for the pill and glass of water. “Lucky for you I get to decide this.”

Sammy swallowed the pill then finished the glass of water. “So what happens now?”

“An introduction to the sensation of my lips...” said Amy as slid into bed beside Sammy.

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Sammy woke up between silk sheets. She stepped out of bed and found a fried penis on a china plate on the bedside table. It looked about the size of an ordinary sausage. She picked it up and sniffed it dubiously. It seemed okay. She took a bite from the head and moaned with delight. Okay, that was unexpected.

Sammy carried the penis with her into a living room area with a sofa and a couple of armchairs sat opposite a largish widescreen tele. There didn’t seem to be a remote but Sammy was able to use the touch screen controls to find out about Trump sending the army against Black Lives Matter protesters. The bathroom was a little basic with a tin tub but the toilet was solid enough.

She had such a headache after last night, way too much alcohol. She could feel her blood pounding like a deep base drum. Then she strode into the kitchen and found plastic troughs filled with hunks of cereal the size of her fists. Instead of a water cooler or a tap, what looked like a great barrel fed water into a metal spout ending in a ballcock at chest level.

Light was streaming in through the window and adding to her headache, she walked after it, out of what had clearly been some kind of covered over interior to a vast cage lined with sand. There was a seesaw made out of a hollowed out log and what looked like a massive one of those hamster wheels was clipped onto the side of the cage. Except it wasn’t a massive one of those hamster wheels was it? Not really?

Sammy walked up to the edge of the cage and stared out through the bars. She could see what looked like a massive armchair to one side and a massive TV to another. Now Sammy remembered what had happened the night before. She groaned and backed away from the cage bars. She fell backwards as she tripped over the seesaw and let out a cry.

She heard what sounded like a giant's foot steps. 'Fi fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.' she imagined.

Then she realised she was looking up at a hatch in the ceiling that was locked by a gigantic padlock. She saw huge hands reach over and unlock the padlock, the hatch was opened and a great hand reached in to scoop her up. She was bought before the massive face of Amy Hurst.

Amy smiled warmly, showing off her pearly white teeth.

Sammy noted with horror that yes Amy really could swallow her whole if she wanted.

"Hey..." said Amy as softly and quietly as she could.

The sound nearly deafened Sammy. "This - This is going to take some getting used to."

Amy stroked Sammy, her massive hands caressing her in an attempt to calm her down.

Amy carried Sammy over to a pot of water.

Sammy was lowered gently inside the room temperature water and panicked for a moment at the steep sides then rationalised what was being done. This was a pot full of water. This was Sammy's morning bath. Especially as the water started to heat up.

Amy spoke quietly from the other side of the room and her voiced sounded almost at a level within Sammy's usual hearing range. "Morning, my little one. Just making sure you're nice and clean before I stick you in the frying pan."

Sammy cried out in horror. "Frying pan!?"

Amy chuckled. "You're my breakfast, remember? I'm just preparing the garlic butter."

The water Sammy was in started to simmer, she could feel herself starting to panic. "So when do you kill me!?"

"I don't." said Amy genially. "I'll just eat around your chest. You'll be fine."

Sammy watched the bubbles erupt about her and muttered. "You'll be fine, she says. You'll be fine..."

Amy's face loomed over the pot and a draining spoon was reached in to scoop Sammy out.

Sammy was laid on a cool flat surface and panted frantically as she tried to calm down. Then she sneezed. She had been laid down on flour.

Sammy looked about herself and saw that Amy had her hands in a bowl and was slathering something yellow and embedded with garlic cloves on her hands.

“Ah...” muttered Sammy. “The garlic butter...”

A moment later Amy scooped Sammy up and slathered her in butter. Amy was careful to get the butter into every crevice of Sammy’s being, including a great dollop of garlic cloves and butter smooshed inside her mouth.

After that the frying was positively relaxing. Just a nice lie down on a particularly hot floor really. Like using a sunbed. Of course her face being fried was not the most pleasant experience but the pain of frying seemed to agree with her more than the discomfort of being slathered.

At last Sammy was taken off the heat and a spatula used to lower her gently onto a bed of lettuce, baby tomatoes and cucumber.

Amy reached into her pocket and took out her phone. She snapped a photo then smiled. “I’ll send this to your friends and family. Let them know what happened to you.”

Sammy didn’t react. She knew what was coming, A fork was driven into her left leg.
Except instead of pain Sammy felt a wave of ecstasy that made last night’s wild night of passion seem like watching paint dry.

Amy smirked as she noticed Sammy’s first orgasm at being eaten. She sliced off Sammy’s leg and chewed it thoughtfully.

Little by little Sammy was devoured until at last Amy picked up what remained of her, kissed her on the forehead then bit off her head.

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Sammy woke up in a bowl of icing sugar on a table beside Amy as she worked on the computer.

“Okay... That was a hell of a lot better than I expected.” said Sammy cautiously.

Amy looked over to Sammy and smiled. “I’m glad you approve. I have so many recipes I want to try. I’ve never had one participant in multiple meals before and each has participant has their own unique flavour.”

“And me?” asked Sammy.

Amy grinned. “Delicious.”

Sammy smiled then she asked. “Could you hold me? I mean I know I must be sticky but -”

“Hush...” said Amy scooping Sammy up in her hands. “I’ve got you.”

Sammy looked at Amy, the giant fiery goddess, and smiled contentedly. “Mistress...”

Amy giggled and stroked Sammy.

Then the doorbell rang.

Sammy looked nervously up at Amy.

Amy carried Sammy with her to the front door.

An austere looking middle aged woman in a formal suit was revealed. She spoke in the clipped tones of received pronunciation. “Amy Hurst?”

“Who wants to know?” asked Amy trying her best to look nonchalant and distinctly disinterested as she stroked Sammy for reassurance.

The austere looking woman reached into her jacket and pulled out an I.D. Card. “Miss Hurst, my name’s Imelda. I work for the Sylph Liberation Front. I’d like to talk to you today about an interesting new opportunity that’s opened up. One I think you are eminently suited for.”

Amy looked panicked. “Sylph Liberation Front?”

“We’re a radical wing of the Free Sylph movement and we believe you may be uniquely placed to help us conquer the multiverse.” said Imelda with a curt smile.

Amy looked down at Sammy nervously.

“Amy, that girl in your hands is a wereshark. Shrunken or not, if she wasn’t happy being yours there isn’t a damn thing a mere human such as yourself could do about it.” said Imelda. “The SLF may be radicals but we respect the right of sylphs to live as they please. I have no doubt that you think you manipulated her and denied her consent. I also have no doubt that she would vigorously disagree and we did not destroy the Logicios just to install a new organization telling people how to live their lives in its stead.”

Sammy said. “Go for it, Mistress, you can always turn me off and store me somewhere safe for later.”

“Okay then...” said Amy with a mischievous smile. “I guess we’re doing this...”

The End.